

The second Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Good Duke HUMFREY.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Flourish of Trumpets: Then Hoboyes.

Enter King, Duke Humfrey, Salisbury, Warwicke, and Beauford on the one side.

The Queens, Suffolke, Torke, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.

Suffolke.

S by your high Imperiall Maiesty,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princes Margaret for your Grace;
So in the Famous Ancient City, *Towres*,
In presence of the Kings of France, and Sicill,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Britaigne, and Alanson,
Seuen Earles, twelve Barons, & twenty reuerend Bishops
I haue perform'd my Taske, and was espous'd,
And humbly now vpon my bended knee,
In sight of England, and her Lordly Peeres,
Deliu' vp my Title in the Queene
To your most gracious hands, that are the Substance
Of that great Shadow I did represent:
The happiest Gift, that euer Marquesse gaue,
The Fairest Queene, that euer King receiu'd.

King. Suffolke arise. Welcome Queene Margaret,
I can expresse no kinder signe of Loue
Then this kinde kisse: O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness:
For thou hast given me in this beauteous Face
A world of earthly blessings to my soule,
If Simpathy of Loue vnite our thoughts.
Queen. Great King of England, & my gracious Lord,
The mutuall conference that my minde hath had,
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreames,
In Courtly company, or at my Beades,
With you mine Alder liefest Soueraigne,
Makes me the bolder to salute my King,
With ruder termes, such as my wit affords,
And ouer ioy of heart doth minister.

King. Her sight did rauish, but her grace in Speech,
Her words yclad with wisdomes Maiesty,
Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping ioyes,
Such is the Fulnesse of my hearts content.

Lords, with one cheerefull voice, Welcome my Loue.
Alu'cel. Long liue Qu. Margaret, Englands happines.
Queene. We thanke you all. *Flourish*

Suf. My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,
Heere are the Articles of contracted peace,
Betweene our Soueraigne, and the French King Charles,
For eightene moneths concluded by consent.
Glo. Reads. Inprimis, It is agreed betweene the French R.
Charles, and William de la Pole Marquesse of Suffolke, Am-
bassador for Henry King of England, That the said Henry shall
espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter vnto Reigner King of
Naples, Sicillia, and Ierusalem, and Crowne her Queene of
England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.
Item, That the Duchy of Anion, and the County of Maine,
shall be releas'd and deliuer'd to the King her father.

King. Vnkle, how now?
Glo. Pardon me gracious Lord,
Some sodaine qualme hath stricke me at the heart,
And dim'd mine eyes; that I can read no further.
King. Vnkle of Winchester, I pray read on.
Win. Item, It is further agreed betweene them, That the
Duchesse of Anion and Maine, shall be releas'd and deliuer'd
ouer to the King her Father, and shal be sent ouer of the King of
Englands owne proper Cost and Charges, without hauing any
Dowry.

King. They please vs well. Lord Marques kneel down,
We heere create thee the first Duke of Suffolke,
And girt thee with the Sword. Cofin of Yorke,
We heere discharge your Grace from being Regent
Ith parts of France, till terme of eightene Moneths
Be full expy'd. Thankes Vnkle Winchester,
Gloster, Yorke, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwicke.
We thanke you all for this great fauour done,
In entertainment to my Princely Queene.
Come, let vs in, and with all speede provide
To see her Coronation be perform'd.

Exit King, Queene, and Suffolke.

Manet the rest.

Glo. Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the State,
To you Duke Humfrey must vnload his greefe:
Your greefe, the common greefe of all the Land,
What? did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coine, and people in the warres?
Did he so often lodge in open field:
In Winters cold, and Summers parching heate,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toyle his wits,

To

To keepe by policy what Henrie got:
Haue you your selues, Somerset, Buckingham,
Braue Torke, Salisbury, and victorious Warwicke,
Recei'd deepe scarres in France and Normandie:
Or hath mine Vnkle Beauford, and my selfe,
With all the Learned Countsell of the Realme,
Studied so long, sat in the Councell house,
Early and late, debating too and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And hath his Highnesse in his infancie,
Crowned in Paris in despite of foes,
And shall these Labours, and these Honours dye?
Shall Henries Conquest, Bedfords vigilance,
Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Countsell dye?
O Peeres of England, shamefull is this League,
Fatal this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
Blotting your names from Bookes of memory,
Racing the Charra'cters of your Renowne,
Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France,
Vndoing all as all had neuer bin.

Car. Nephew, what meanes this passionate discourse?
This preroration with such circumstance:
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keepe it still.

Glo. I Vnkle, we will keepe it, if we can:
But now it is impossible we should.

Suffolke, the new made Duke that rules the roost,
Hath giuen the Duchy of Anion and Maine,
Vnto the poore King Reigner, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now by the death of him that dyed for all,
These Counties were the Keyes of Normandie:

But wherefore weepes Warwicke, my valiant sonne?
War. For greefe that they are past recouerie.

For were there hope to conquer them againe,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no teares.
Anion and Maine? My selfe did win them both:
Those Provinces, these Armes of mine did conquer,
And are the Cities that I got with wounds,
Deliu' d vp againe with peacefull words?

Mort Dieu.

Yorke. For Suffolkes Duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the Honor of this Watlike Isle:
France should haue torne and rent my very hart,
Before I would haue yeelded to this League.
I neuer read but Englands Kings haue had
Large summes of Gold, and Dowries with their wiues,
And our King Henry giues away his owne,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Hum. A proper iest, and neuer heard before,
That Suffolke should demand a whole Fifteenth,
For Costs and Charges in transporting her:
She should haue staid in France, and steru'd in France
Before—

Car. My Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot,
It was the pleasure of my Lord the King.

Hum. My Lord of Winchester I know your minde,
Tis not my speeches that you do mislike:
But tis my presence that doth trouble ye,
Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face
I see thy furie: If I longer stay,

We shall begin our ancient bickerings:
Lordings farewell, and say when I am gone,
I prophesied, France will be lost ere long. *Exit Humfrey.*

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage:

Tis knowne to you he is mine enemy:
Nay more, an enemy vnto you all,

And no great friend, I feare me to the King:
Consider Lords, he is the next of blood,
And heyre apparant to the English Crowne:
Had Henrie got an Empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the West,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it:
Looke to it Lords, let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts, be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people fauour him,
Calling him, *Humfrey the good Duke of Gloster*,
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce,
Iesu maintaine your Royall Excellence,
With God preferue the good Duke Humfrey:
I feare me Lords, for all this flattering glosse,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buc. Why should he then protect our Soueraigne?
He being of age to gouerne of himselfe.
Cofin of Somerset, loyne you with me,
And altogether with the Duke of Suffolke,
Wee'l quickly hoys Duke Humfrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty businesse will not brooke delay,
He to the Duke of Suffolke presently. *Exit Cardinal.*

Som. Cofin of Buckingham, though Humfries pride
And greatnesse of his place be greefe to vs,
Yet let vs watch the haughtie Cardinal,
His insolence is more intollerable
Then all the Princes in the Land beside,
If Gloster be displac'd, hee'l be Protector.

Buc. Or thou, or I Somerset will be Protectors,
Despite Duke Humfrey, or the Cardinal.

Exit Buckingham, and Somerset.

Sal. Pride went before, Ambition followes him.
While these do labour for their owne preferment,
Behooues it vs to labor for the Realme.
I neuer saw but Humfrey Duke of Gloster,
Did beare him like a Noble Gentleman:
Ofte haue I seene the haughty Cardinal,
More like a Souldier then a man o'th Church,
As stout and proud as he were Lord of all,
Swear like a Russian, and demeane himselfe
Vnlike the Ruler of a Common-weale.

Warwicke my sonne, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainnesse, and thy house-keeping,
Hath wonne the greatest fauour of the Commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humfrey.
And Brother Yorke, thy Acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to ciuill Discipline:
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert Regent for our Soueraigne,
Haue made thee fear'd and honor'd of the people,
Loyne we together for the publike good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolke, and the Cardinal,
With Somerset and Buckinghams Ambition,
And as we may, cherish Duke Humfries deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the Land.

War. So God helpe Warwicke, as he loues the Land,
And common profit of his Countrey.

Yor. And so sayes Yorke,
For he hath greatest cause.

Salisbury. Then lets make haft away,
And looke vnto the maine.

Warwicke. Vnto the maine?
Oh Father, *Maine* is lost,
That *Maine*, which by maine force Warwicke did winne,
And would haue kept, so long as breath did last.

13

Main